

THE
BOOKSELLERS.

A
POEM.

*It stands on Record that in RICHARD's Times,
A man was hang'd for very honest Rhymes.*

POPE.

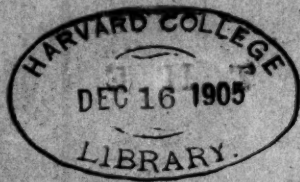
L O N D O N :

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Ernest Blancy Dine

P O F M

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BOOKSELLERS.

P O E M.

COME, sacred truth, inspire the poet's song,
Teach me to know what's right, discern what's
wrong,
Let sober candour all my steps pursue,
And give to folly, all that's folly's due :
Let honest Satire o'er each line preside,
Conduct my steps and be my faithful guide :

B

Nor

Nor let ill-nature in the least prevail,
 Justice, I mean, should hold th' impartial scale,
 And over trifling faults to throw a friendly veil.
 O Were I master of the human heart,
 Its artful windings could I but impart;
 How to itself deceitful, seldom true,
 Booksellers should be brought to open view;
 Yet still the conscious muse shall do her best,
 The task be her's, and let 'em stand the test.

First to *G—s* *I—n* lo! *O—n* there is seen,
 Big with importance of his Magazine;
 By him the Books no place or order gain;
 Confus'd like chaos, and his muddy brain;
 When rang'd, and class'd, and catalog'd they are,
 The praise is *S—th's*;—'tis his industrious care:
 As *W—d* thus, his journeymen around,
 Sits like an owl in majesty profound:
 Now sleeps, now dozes, with half open eyes;
 And grins and gapes with wonder and surprize;
 Even when he wakes 'tis but to eat and drink,
 A Blockhead, to the purpose ne'er can think;

Or

Or if he does, 'tis but to charge so high ;
That few but ——— e'er can buy.
If ought there is, to which he claims pretence ;
As *Pope* has sung it must be impudence*.

Now to the *Strand* my muse she takes her flight,
And *O—n*'s contrast sets before your sight ;
T—n's the man ; not more for fortune nam'd,
Than for his own desert as justly fam'd ;
Lov'd in his trade, by every one carest,
Of every social virtue he's possess'd.
A *Scotchman* next, the muse presents to view ;
True to his int'rest, and to meanness too :
For no bright deed the muse can him prefer ;
Like *Druger*'s dog he's always snarling *er*.
Not far from him a man devoid of strife,
Unblemish'd in his character and life ;
With solid judgment, common sense he's blest ;
And by the best of King's distinguish'd from the rest.
B—oe with manners and politeness grac'd,
For all the finer arts he has a taste,

* See the *Dunciad*, B. 2. verse 167.

4 The BOOKSELLERS.

C—*l* and *K*—*x* 'twoud be unkind to pass,
A man of spirit one, and one an ass.
V—*t* comes next, the spiritless and proud;
Once rais'd and honour'd 'bove the common croud:
Like him is *W*—*n*, as mean and void of spirit,
They neither of them have a grain of merit.
Good-natur'd *W*—*n*, he must not be miss'd;
Tho' no great ornament to grace the list.

To *Charing-cross*, my steps I'll now direct;
A Poet here, first claims my due respect;
Ev'n from creation to this present time,
No Bard e'er wrote so well, or so sublime †;

† For proof of what is here asserted, we have selected the following sublime speech from one of his excellent tragedies.

Thou think'st this punishment, but by the pow'rs
Th' immortal pow'rs that blast'd my designs;
I would not live, thus disappointed rob'd,
And cheated by the gods of all my hopes.
My haughty soul disdains a second place,
I would be first; and were I plac'd in heav'n
I'd war with mighty Jove to hurl his thunder.

My

My muse, she fires at his glorious name,
 And longs, like him to gain immortal fame :
 O *M—b* ! thou fav'rite of the sacred train,
 Long may you live, nor may you live in vain.
Millan, deserving of the warmest praise,
 As full of worth and virtue as of days ;
 Brave, open, generous, 'tis in him we find,
 A solid judgment, and a taste refin'd ;
 Nature's most choice productions are his care,
 And them to obtain, no expence or pains does spare :
 A character ! so amiable and bright,
 Inspires the muse with rapture and delight ;
 The gentleman and tradesman both in him unite.
 Nor shalt thou *Walter*, my encomium want,
 Easy and free, polite and elegant.
*Dodley**, a name unto the muses dear,
 Demands at least a tributary tear.
Ridley thy merit, justly I commend,
 Th' industrious tradesman, and the worthy friend,
Almon of late has got himself a name,
 But 'tis to *W—s* and *P—t*, he owes his fame.

* Mr. R. *Dodley*, lately deceased.

To *Bond-street* now, my way I must pursue ;
S——r and *R——n* claim the muses due :
 O Sacred satire ! here, be thou my guide,
 And while I speak of insolence and pride ;
 Let me proceed upon the honest plan,
 Nor with the —— join the worthy man.
 Now back again, my muse she wings her way ;
 In *Piccadilly* makes a little stay.
H——d, would be thought, both humble, meek and mild ;
 But oft perverse and peevish like a child,
 And tho' he's blest with common sense and reason,
 To contradict him, it is petty treason ;
 He loves to talk, because he's words at will ;
 I do not say he talks or well, or ill.
 If honest zeal can merit my applause ;
 If being hearty in a worthy cause
 Demands my praise, the praise is *Hopwood's* due.
 True to himself, nor to his friend untrue.
 Nor must my friendship *Thomas H——m* spare,
 T' the planet *Saturn* him I shall compare.
 Now to *M--ws-gate* with anxious haste I tend,
 Nor blame me truth, if zealous to commend ;
 The good companion and the social friend.

 }
 He

He loves his friend, but yet himself much better ;
He'll take three shillings for a lawyer's letter* ;
T' impose like them, he scorns th' ignoble thought ;
So gen'rously he gave the knave a groat.
'The next is *Law*, in temper sweet and mild,
As innocent and harmless as a child :
A modest man may want a proper spirit,
Tho' ten to one but he's a man of merit.
A character now rises to my view,
O! how shall I the ar'd'ous task persue,
And give to — — his due. }
With brazen front, he strives to get the knack,
" Of turning truth to lies and white to black :"
Stories, exceeding man's belief he'll tell,
And swear they're true, by heav'n, by earth, and hell :
Furious and hot, he mounts into a flame,
And bully-like, he heeds nor sense or shame :
A Lyar cannot have a name too vile,
D--k--d, b--f--n, a---ft, or crocodile.
O sacred truth ! justly to thee belong,
Th' applause of Kings, the poet's sweetest song,

* For a full explanation of these lines, I must refer the reader to the worthy gentleman himself.

On thee in vain, th' enraptur'd muse would dwell,
 Thy self alone, thy own desert must tell ;
 The pow'r supreme has mark'd thee for his own,
 Nor hell, or *A—n* can ever shake thy throne.
 To contrast him, see honest *Jones* arise ;
 Integrity of soul we justly prize.

Industrious *Gorringe*, next must take his place,
 The muse in him, but trifling faults can trace ;
 Well vers'd in books, each author stands his test,
 Partial to none, he always buys the best ;
 And little else his shop does e'er produce,
 But books of value and of real use :
 In manner rough, yet still in him we find,
 Good sense with wit, and wit with humour join'd ;
 A Foe to dulness and to melancholy ;
 He smoaks his pipe, and laughs at fools and folly.
 Next *Shove* appears, who hating noise and riot,
 Is like a lamb, as peaceable and quiet ;
 Cheerful and free, blest in his friends and wife,
 He calmly passes through the vale of life.
M—n and *R—ds*, if I them must praise ;
 It is, for selling B---y books and plays.

L—

Lewis, of thee I scarce can write a line,
 Should I but praise, they'll say thy faith is mine.
D — is with thee, I would not hold a strife,
 Or write like *Churchill*, of thy pretty wife;
 Of thee alone, of thy dear self I'll prate,
 Thy stately stalk, and thy theatric state;
 How like a swan you sail along the tide;
 Puff'd up with self-sufficiency and pride.
 Oh! — wadling like a duck,
 To public auctions 'tis you owe your luck,
 By them enrich'd, now grown so stiff and proud,
 You're like a balhaw, o'er th' inferior croud;
 The muse could tell, but prudence stops her tongue,
 From what mean trick your vast importance sprung;
 I wish *Cervantes* were alive to see,
 His Sancho Pancho fresh reviv'd in thee.
 Now *V* — g and *N* — le the muse employ,
 A *Dutchman* one, the other a dear joy;
 Their dispositions to their countries suit,
 An honest blund'rer one, and one a —
 True to his text a *Hollander* will hold,
 And break each sacred tie for cursed gold.
Dymott thy praise the muse delights to tell,
 In binding books there's few can thee excell.

Nor honest *Hooper* want thou my renown,
 May still success thy industrious labors crown.
 Thee *W*——*x* would I pass in silence by,
 But too conspicuous to the public eye;
 They'd say 'twas malice, made for to refrain,
 To praise thy narrow soul, thy plodding brain.
 Nor think thou *B*——*et* to escape my verse,
 Tho' no good act of thine I can rehearse,
 But who is he who dares above the rest,
 To wage with law, and stand the final test?
 'Tis *D*——*n*, whose name I should respect,
 If he would print his books but more correct.
 With pleasure *Burnet*, thee I do commend,
 Whom once I thought a fawning summer friend;
 My error found, I should be most untrue
 Did I not give th' industrious man his due.
S——*t* of thee but little can I say,
 Thou'rt hardly worthy of the muses lay.

Near *Lincoln's Inn* I now shall take my walk,
 And first of *White*, and then of *Hookham* talk;
 To give thee *White*, thy just, thy honest praise,
 Would add new lustre to the poet's lays.

Hookham

THE BOOKSELLERS.

11

Hookham with thee I'll not be over nice,
Nor be thou angry if I give advice;
Th' industrious man, he never loves to roam,
Convinc'd his interest is to stay at home;
Like thee 'tis true, I love a friendly bowl,
But hate to cloud the brightness of my soul,
Excess of liquor deadens sense and reason,
And makes us guilty to ourselves of treason;
Remember, 'tis the rock on which you split,
Obscures your native humour, genuine wit,
All have their faults and their misfortunes too;
Good-natur'd *Baillie* has not had a few;
Stedfast and firm he meanly scorns to shrink,
Yet oft so fond a joyous glass to drink
He hardly gives himself the time to think,
With reason blest, may it resume its rule;
Nor may the man of sense be deem'd a fool.

Of *Cater* next, and all the *Holbourn* crew
My muse intends to take an honest view;
C has brains, and so has many more,
But *his* new sense and meanings can explore;

I bow with reverence to his learned pate,
And own like him I can't *ex-pat-ri-ate*.

H——*d* I thought a very harmless creature,
Nor should he e'er have felt the sting of satire,
Could I not prove his rancour and ill nature.

W——*ly*, thy praise I hardly can express,
Thy exactness, order, and thy taste in dress;
Unjustly 'tis, that blockheads call thee fop,
Or ridicule the neatness of thy shop.

I need no more than mention *F*——*y's* name,
Enough for him that *Churchill's* done the same.

Partial to merit, fortune's ever blind
And still to fools her darling sons is kind;

To prove this, I need but mention ———
Unskill'd and quite a blockhead in his trade;

Reason but faintly o'er his soul has beam'd,
E'en what he knows, with much ado was glean'd;

Cringing and fawning like a supple slave;
He works his way and is both ———

To say from whence success could thus proceed,
To trace the source would make him blush indeed:

But scorning justice and each honest tie,
Let honour, conscience and religion die,

All pow'ful gold! each act will justify.

}
For

For whether got by fair means or by stealthy
 How glorious 'tis to be a man of wealth.
 Thee *Noble* and thy brothers, all inherit
 A noble soul and a discerning spirit.
D——s and *R*——s next my tribute claim,
 Both worthy men, and not unknown to fame;
D——s 'tis true does oft a laugh create,
 Being like a lady nice and delicate,
 I hate extreams, they often prove the fool,
 And well deserve the muse's ridicule;
 Yet these peculiarities we find,
 In souls most sensible and most refin'd:
R——s with justice shall thy name be plac'd,
 With decency and manners thou art grac'd:
 Not far from these, descending down the hill,
 To *Wade* an eye sore and a bitter pill;
 Abides one *Henry Dell*, to say he lives
 Is more than honest satire licence gives;
 His brethren all of high and low degree,
 Can witness for him, without bribe or fee
 None ever paid his notes so bad as he.
 Nor in his business is he over bright,
 But glimmers like a glow-worm in the night;

His character was once extremely fair;
 But many specks and clouds do now appear;
 Tho' slander's tongue perhaps has been too busy there.
 Trifling and vain he seeks a poet's name,
 Puff'd up with airy and with empty fame;
 Devoid of genius and devoid of Wit,
 He for his own would pass, what others writ;
 No sense nor meaning can we'er explore;
 Unskill'd, unlearned in the classic lore;
 He still makes worse what was but bad before.
 Booksellers seldom have good authors made,
 Too much engag'd in business and in trade.
 Subtle and sly, the Broker next appears,
 And like the animal whose name he bears.
Collins is known by his unmeaning laugh,
 He loves good eating and good wine to quaff.

Now to *Bell-yard*, my muse she takes her way,
 Then o'er the city she intends to stray;
Worral, engag'd with law his whole life long,
 He ought to know what's right and what is wrong.
Owen with me you'd almost lost your charter,
 Booksellers are my theme,—not mineral water.

Bathurst

Bathurst unto my muse is quite unknown,
And *Corbet* thee I chuse to let alone.
To pass in silence over *T-y-Peate*,
My catalogue, it would not be complete :
Sanby demands an honest manly verse,
His name alone is pleasing to rehearse.
To mention *Williams* cannot be a crime,
Time was, and yet again may come that time ;
When free born souls may boldly speak their mind,
Nor dread by ——— e'er to be confin'd ;
O Liberty ! thou darling of our isle,
On all thy sons auspicious may thou smile ;
Nor from thy glorious cause may one e'er sever,
W---l---ms, and *W---ks*, and forty ——— forever.
Waller and *Uriel*, are for law renown'd,
Their characters the muse must not confound ;
Unlike each other, *Waller* does inherit,
A noble soul, and is a man of spirit.
Snelling with genius and with judgment fraught,
To antiquarians has a treasure brought ;
On th' *British* Annals and our kings of yore,
H' has thrown new-light by his medalic lore.
Wbiston, with pleasure I thy praise rehearse,
Thy name is dear to learning and to verse ;

How

How far above the blockheads of the age,
 Who only know of books, the title page ;
 But thou well skill'd in all the classic lore,
 Their sense as well as value can explore ;
 From thee it is, that *W*——*te* acquir'd his trade,
 Oh ! grateful may he prove, for fortune made ;
 Tutor'd by thee, each author's worth he knows,
 Or wrote in sacred verse, or humble prose.
 Subservient to his interest *Lownds* has made
 The better part of th' dramatic trade,
 'Bout property he made a much ado,
 But now the point is settled firm and true ;
 'Twas his, 'tis mine, and may belong to you.
Warcus, thy losses 'tis in vain to scan,
 But they're misfortunes of an honest man.
 The sing-song *P*——*n*, like to master *Billy*,
 Has much good nature, but is mighty filly.
Vernor thy name, my muse she cannot spare,
 For to society that man how dear,
 Whose words and actions always are sincere.
Kearfly, tho' tost on life's tempest'ous sea,
 Is now secure and from contention free ;
 He like a man misfortunes did endure,
 As gold that's tried is brighter and more pure.

To

To pass by — I may perhaps be blam'd,
But that's no matter if I'm not asham'd;
Sacred to satire! and to ridicule,
Each trifling blockhead, each conceited fool.
Casson the gay, the hum'rous and polite,
With business loves his pleasure to unite.

The *Pater-noster* tribe, come next in view,
Of these I only shall select a few:
Longman the first, and of the whole the best,
Tho' rich, a man of worth he stands confest.
H——n of thee I cannot say the same,
Remember, you I neither praise nor blame.
Immers'd in business, *B——n* next appears;
Who wealth to gain no application spares,
Bustling and busy he is ever found,
Tho' mill-horse like, in one eternal round.
B——d my muse is ready to declare,
Thy sly hypocrisy, thy pious leer †,
Ingenious *Coote* is ever forming schemes
Unlike the alchymist's idle dreams;

† See Dr. Garth's Dispensary.

F

He

He plans with judgment, executes with spirit,
 And well deserves the just reward of merit.
W—n and *F—l* their names I here shall part,
F—ll's very look's a comment on his heart:
 Insensible to friendship's sacred tie,
 So like a leech he'd suck our vitals dry:
 How opposite is gentle *W——n*'s mind,
 To mildness and humanity inclin'd.
Crowder thou hast a daring active soul,
 Fitted for business and above controul;
 With constitution blest and strength of mind,
 In thee unweary'd diligence we find;
 In thy profession thou hast not a match,
 For few like thee can make such quick dispatch;
 May thy industry with success be crown'd,
 And each domestic blessing with thee found.
 Compiling *Cooke* exactly suits the time,
 Alike to him, or trifling prose or rhyme.
J——n and Co. as here I pass along,
 May serve to add two lines unto my song.
Stuart in you, I no defect can see;
 Good-natur'd, easy, sensible and free.
B——r thy name I almost had forgot,
 In writing it my pen has made a blot.

Re-

Return my muse, nor think thy labor hard,
A little while to range o'er *Paul's* Church-Yard ;
The manly *Bristow* first must take his place,
An honest man and to his trade a grace.
Fletcher, thy name I mention with delight,
Genteel, good-manner'd, chearful and polite.
To *Wilkie's* due, the muses grateful lays ;
Th' industrious man deserves the warmest praise.
Next *N*—y the muse presents to view,
Bookseller, author and quack doctor too ;
Renown'd for all,—He knowledge can supply,
To lisping babes and babes of six foot high.
Religion lovely, Poets love to paint :
But *R*—n thou ne'er wilt be a faint ;
I hate hypocrisy,—to take its part
Betrays a weak dishonest rotten heart.
N—l I will not laugh at thy expence,
Or say thou'rt wanting or in wit or sense.

To *Cripple-gate* my muse I now shall guide,
And speak of *Lloyd*, unknown to pomp or pride ;

To

To serve his friend he thinks no labour hard,
 Good nature seldom meets its just reward;
 In manners plain, nor yet in dress o'er taudry,
 He loves a joke, altho' 'tis ere so bawdy,
 Oh blame me not ye cits, or count me silly,
 If with respect I bow to fadling —

O'er *Tower-hill* I now intend to range,
 In going there, shall stop at the Exchange;
 U—— and R—— may have pretence,
 For ought I know, to learning, wit and sense;
 Unknown to me, in quiet they may dwell,
 The babling muse, of them no tales can tell.
 Till life shall end thou B—— will plod,
 In one dull path, particular and odd.
 — with thee, I shall be mighty grave,
 Not that I think you valiant, bold or brave,
 But that I hate a dark designing knave.

And now my muse, what rapture do you feel;
 How pleas'd at last, to mention honest *Steele*;

THE BOOKSELLERS.

21

A man with whom I love to quaff the bowl,
And whom I honour for his gen'rous soul ;
Above each mean regard, 'bove falshood's art,
He always speaks the language of his heart.

Others there are, whose names I might rehearse
But much below the dignity of verse ;
Trifling 'twould be to waste my precious time,
On such as would disgrace the bell-man's rhyme :
No further now my mind I shall disclose,
Tis dang'rous to joke with fools or foes ;
Yet let none think by servile fear betray'd,
T' expose or vice or folly, I'm afraid,
On truth and justice, I have fix'd my plan,
And *dare do all that does become a man.*

F I N I S.